



JUNE

Huckleberry Hound

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Contest!



Huckleberry Hound

HUMPTY BUMPTY

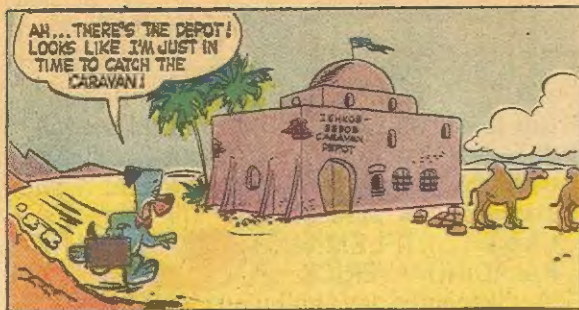


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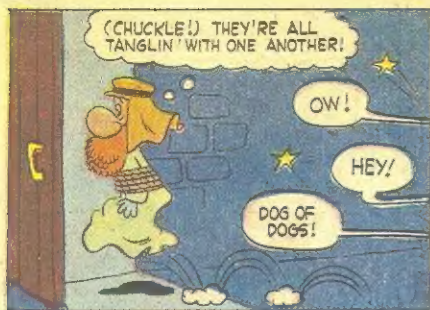




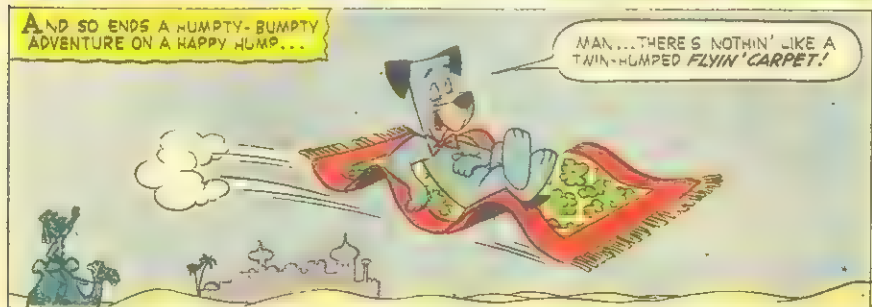
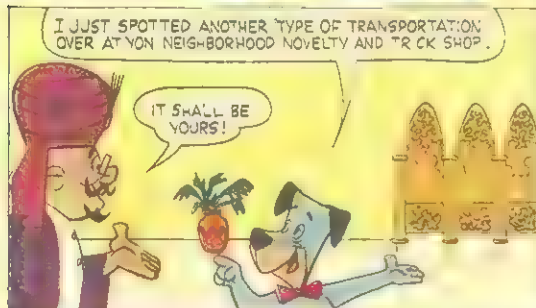
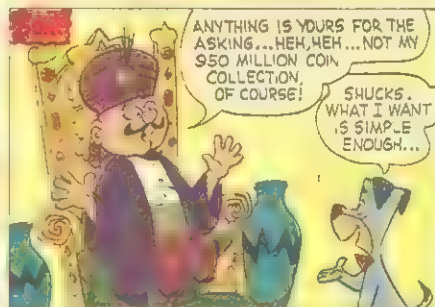
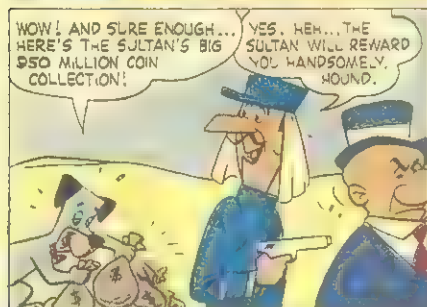
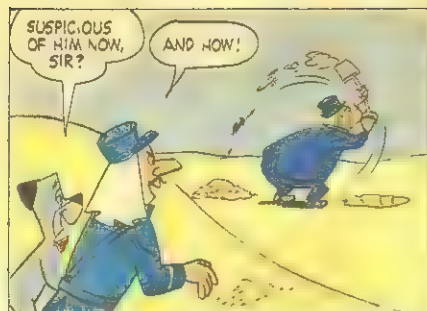






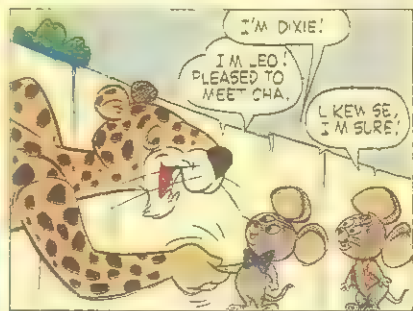
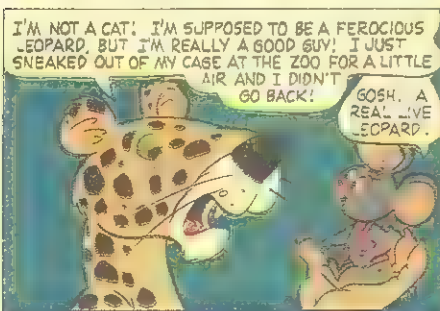
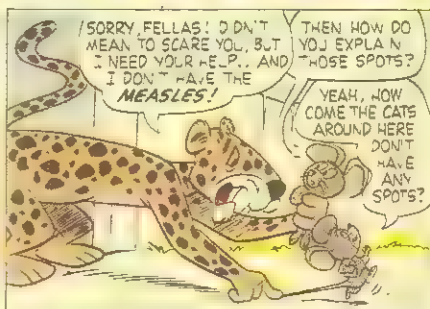
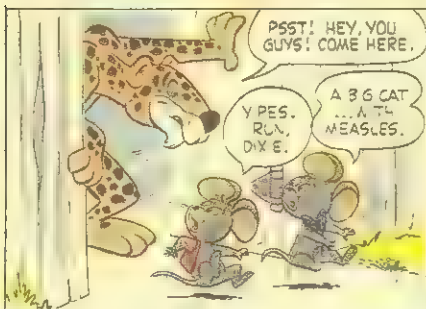
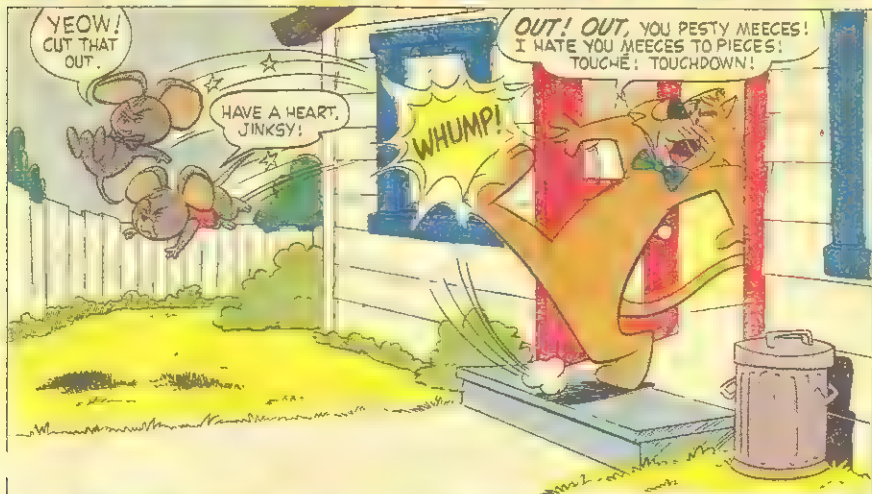


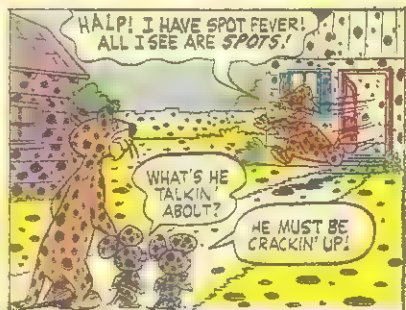
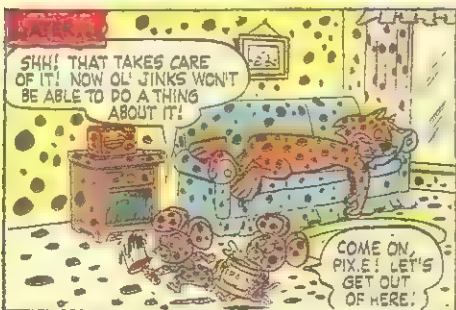
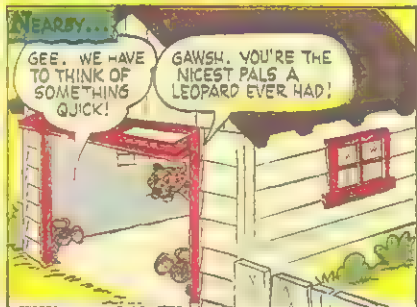
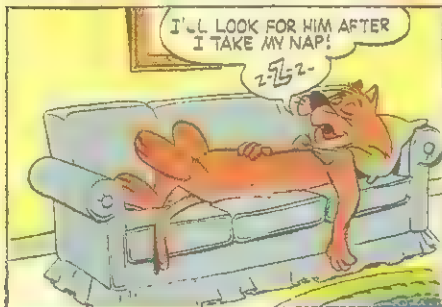
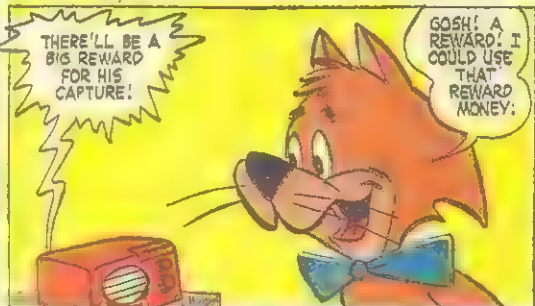
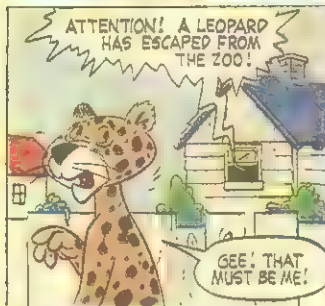


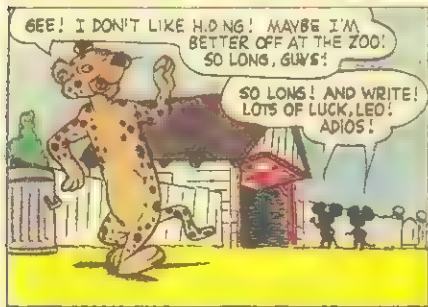
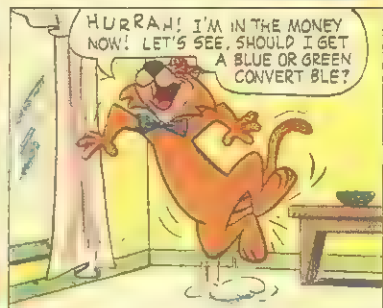
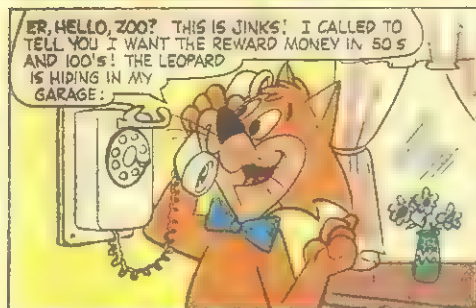
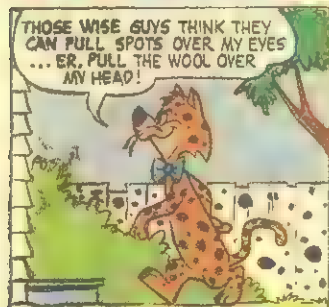
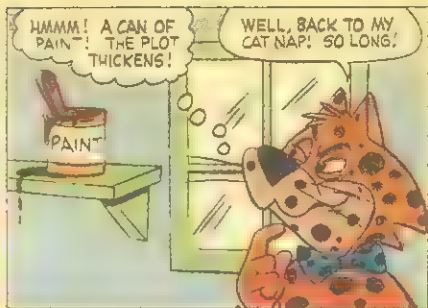
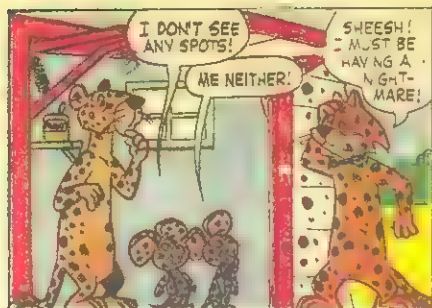


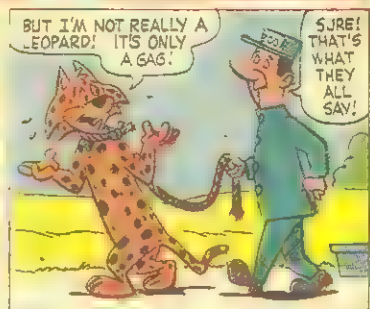
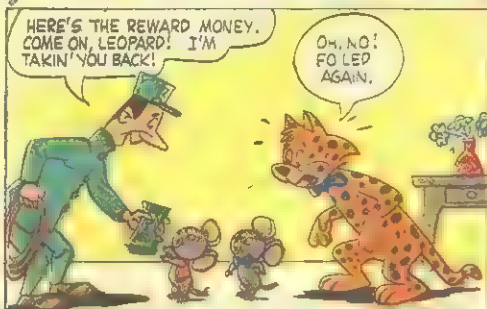
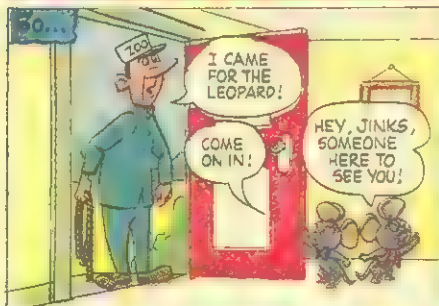
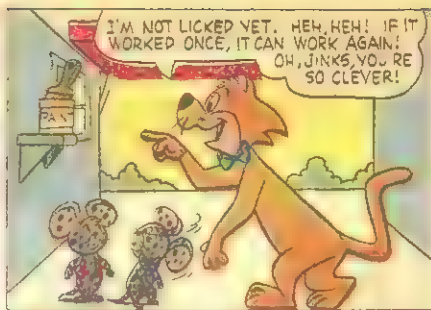
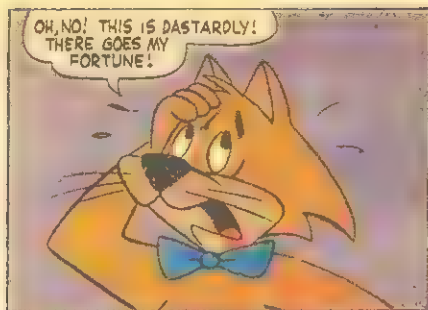
PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

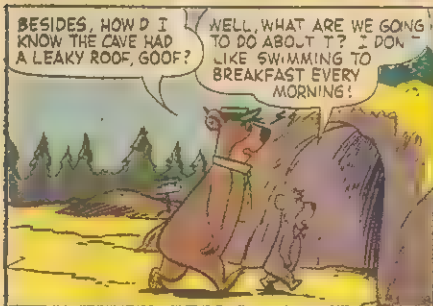
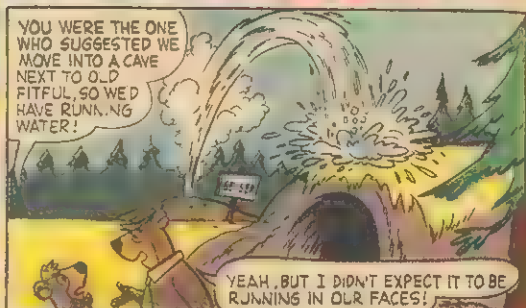
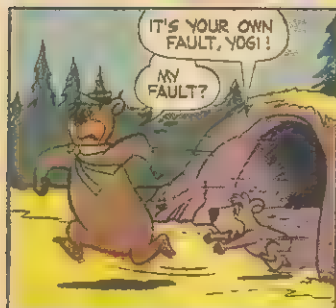
SPOT THE SPOTS











LATER...

GEE, YOGI! I'M T'RED!

T' RED? WHAT ABOUT ME? I'M CARRYING ALL THE STUFF.

HEY, HEY, HEY! I'VE JUST SPOTTED HOME, SWEET HOME!

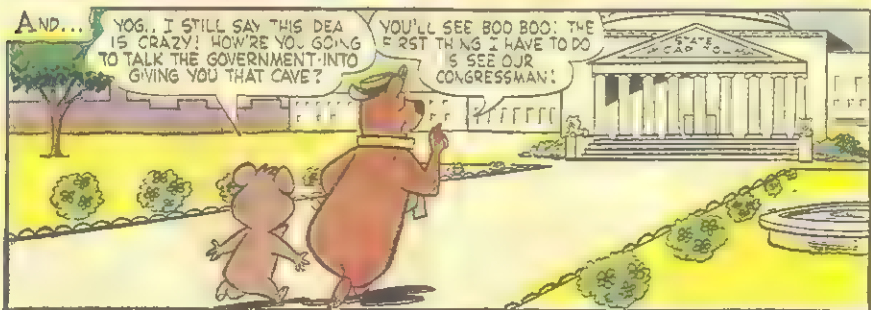
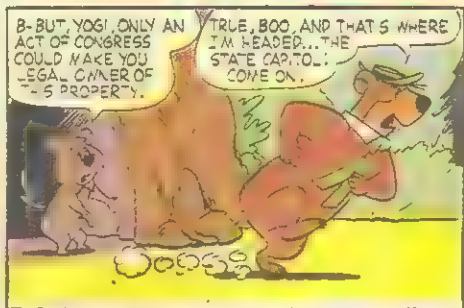
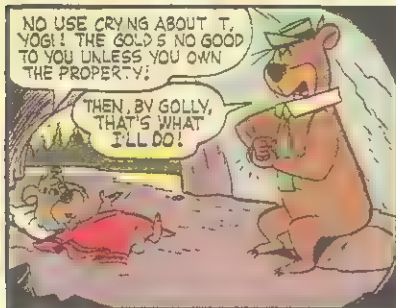
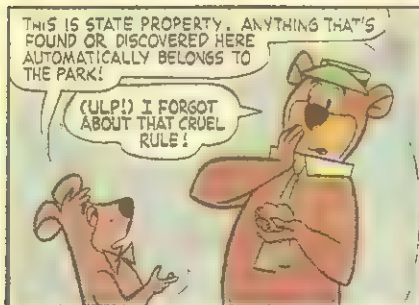
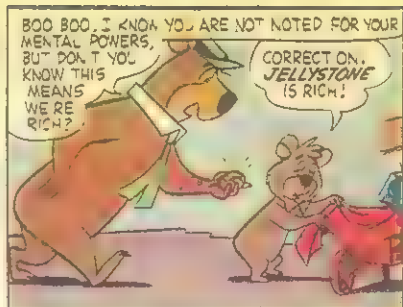
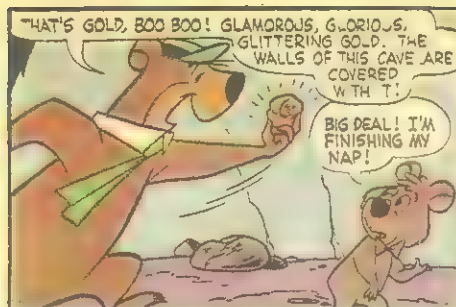
LET'S GO BEFORE SOMEBODY ELSE GETS IT!

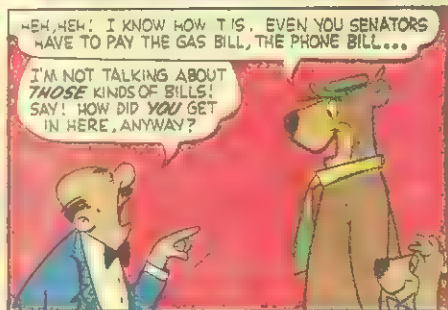
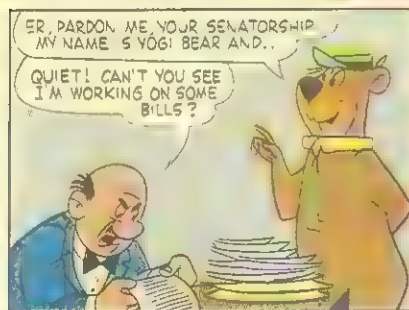
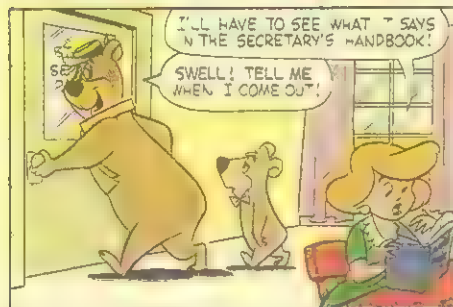
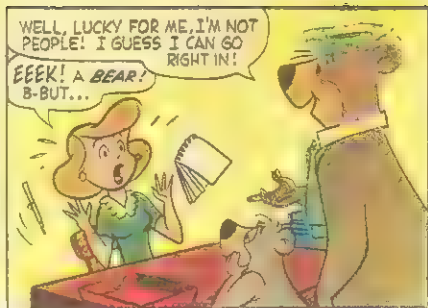
I'LL CHECK THE REAR!

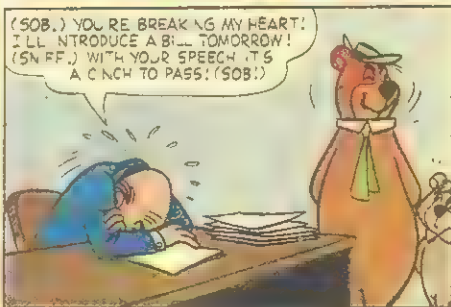
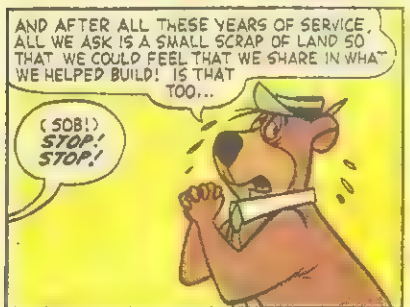
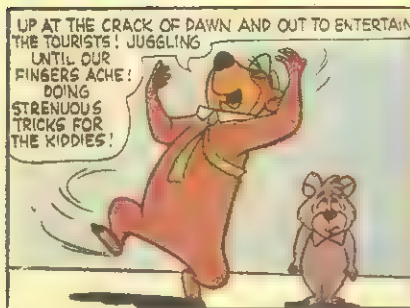
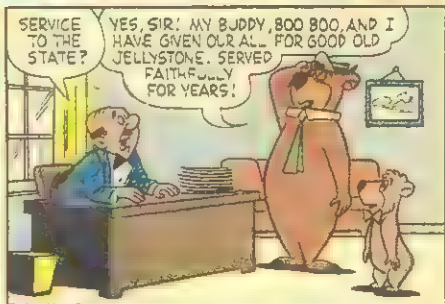
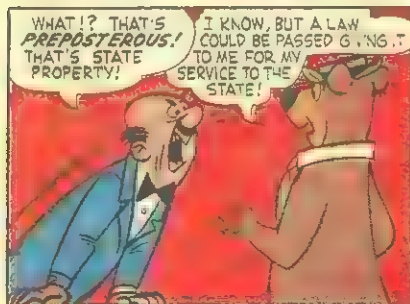
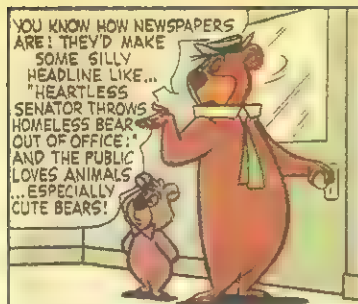
I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT IT'S OKAY...EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

YIPE! LOOK AT THIS!
COME IN HERE IN A
HURRY, FURRY!

UH-OH! DON'T
TELL ME YOU
FOUND A LEAK
IN THE ROOF!







NEXT DAY...

...AND ALL WE ASK IS A HUMBLE PLACE TO CALL OUR OWN!
A CAVE IN WHICH TO REST OUR WEARY, WORKWORN BONES!

(SOB!) BOO-HOO! I VOTE
TO GIVE HIM THAT CAVE
HE WANTS!

(SNIFF!) (SOB!)
GIVE HIM THE
WHOLE PARK!

So... (WELL, BOO BOO, WE DID IT! THE CAVE IS
OURS!

YEAH! BUT
I'VE BEEN
THINKING,
YOG ...

EVEN THOUGH WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT US
PLEASEING THE TOURISTS WAS TRUE, AND THE
CONGRESSMEN WERE SWELL TO GIVE US
THIS CAVE ... I CAN'T GO ALONG WITH IT!

WHAT?

NO! I JUST WOULDN'T FEEL RIGHT
ABOUT SPENDING THAT MONEY.

'ULP!' B-BUT, BOO BOO
THANK OF ALL THE
YUMMIES WE CAN BUY
WITH THAT LOOT

I COULDN'T SWALLOW A
S NGLE HOT DOG BOUGHT
WITH THAT GOLD!

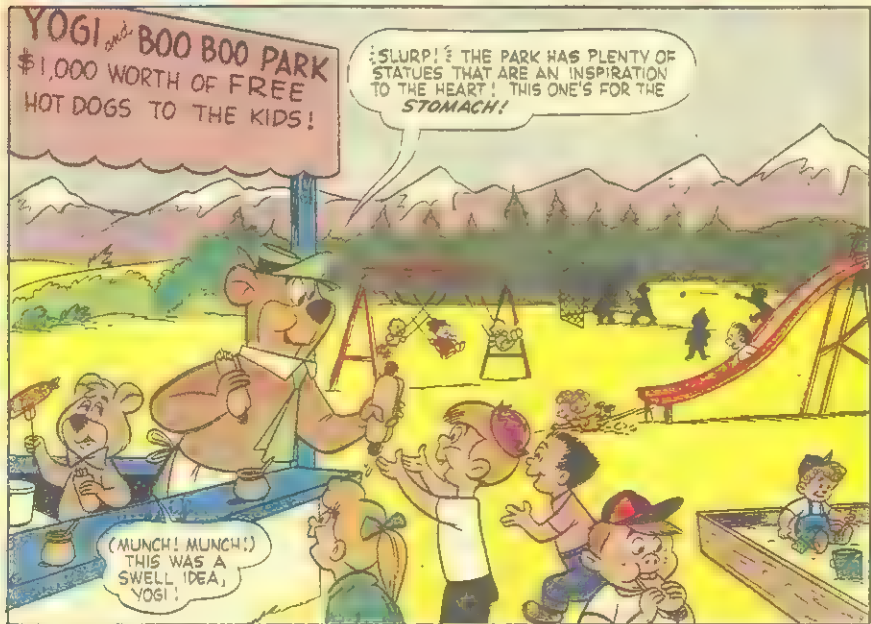
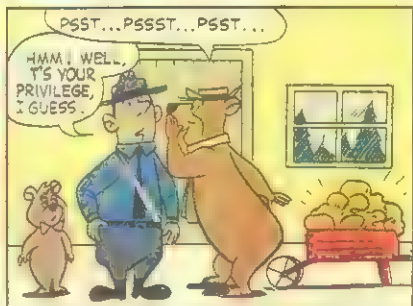
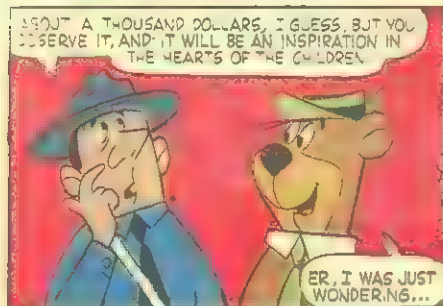
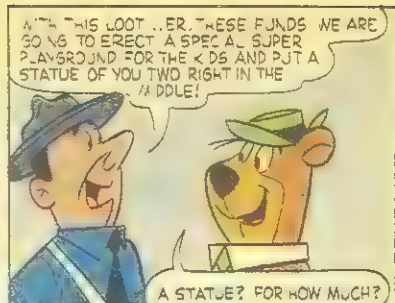
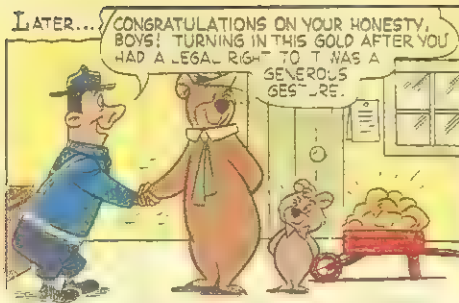
(SIGH!) DOGGONE! WHY
DID I HAVE TO GET YOU
FOR A CONSCIENCE?
I COULDN'T,
EITHER!

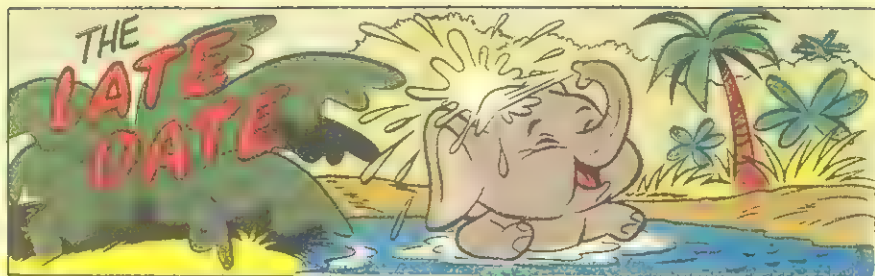
WOW! YOU
MEAN IT,
YOG?

UH HUH! I GUESS I'M JUST A
FAIR AND SQUARE BEAR
AT HEART!

LET'S DG OUT THE GOLD
AND TAKE IT TO THE
RANGER'S OFFICE!

RIGHT! WHAT'S A
FEW THOUSAND
BLCKS,
ANYWAY?





"Now don't forget," Mama elephant reminded Packy, "go straight down to this water hole and get cleaned up. No short cuts, and don't stop to play. You must be back here by noon. It is very important," she said emphatically. "You will be able to tell when it is noon, because the sun will be directly overhead in the sky. Now hurry," she added, paddling him gently with her trunk.

Packy bounced off through the thick brush toward the water hole. "Don't delay, don't stop to play, hurry home right away," he chanted over and over so he wouldn't forget what his mama had told him.

Mama watched him go with a worried frown. "I wonder if I should have told him about the birthday party. What if he forgets to come right home? Everything will be ruined. Still, if I had told him, it wouldn't be a surprise party at all," she decided.

Packy loved nothing better than to splash in the water hole. The minute he dabbled his toes in the cool wet water, he completely forgot about everything but the joy of playing in the pool. He forgot that he had only come to get clean, and he was soon rolling over, first on one side, then the other, until the water churned and bubbled.

"PHEEE! What fun!" he trumpeted happily, spraying his back in a shower of rain.

"PHEEE!" he bellowed as loud as he could. This was a signal for his friends to come out and join the fun. "PHEEE!" he repeated, but nothing happened. No one came. "I wonder why they are hiding," he muttered. "Hey! That's it. They are hiding on purpose. They must want me to look for them."

Packy bounced out of the pool and shook the water off his back. "It's sure hot today," he noticed, looking at the sun directly over his head but not remembering that noon was the time his mama had told him to come home.

"Here I come, ready or not!" he warned, bouncing down the trail, looking in all the regular hiding places his friends used, and some very irregular ones, too. But on this day, it seemed the jungle was deserted.

Packy finally stopped to catch his breath when he found himself on the trail heading towards home. The familiar landmarks reminded him of something. "PHEEE! What shall I do now? What was it Mama told me not to forget? I think she said to go out and play and not come home until I saw the moon," he guessed incorrectly. "It's no fun to play alone. I'd better go home, anyhow. I'll bet Mama will understand when I explain it to her," he decided, turning and lumbering down the homeward path.

He was almost there when he heard laughing, happy voices, echoing from the clearing ahead.

"PHEEE! Sounds like a party. I wonder why no one invited me. I love parties," he said in a sad voice. "Or maybe I was invited and just forgot about it. I do forget things occasionally. I think I'll go, anyway. Maybe they will invite me to stay."

His decision made, Packy bounded through a tangle of vines and found himself right in the midst of all the friends he had been searching for. "Surprise! It's me, Packy!" he trumpeted. "I've come to the party, too. Can I stay?" he asked hopefully.

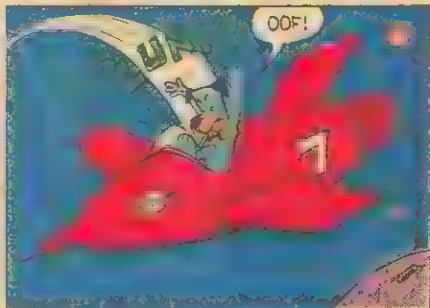
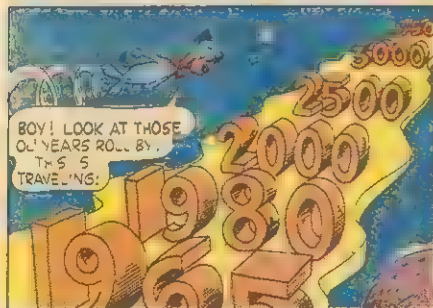
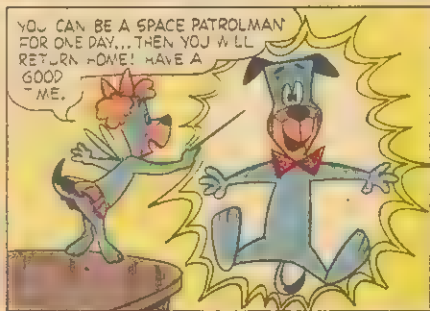
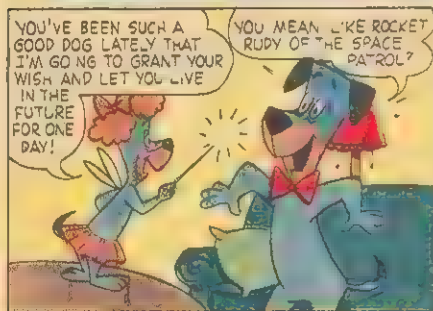
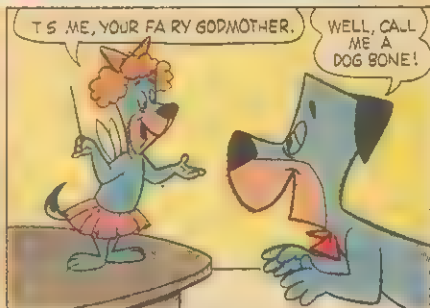
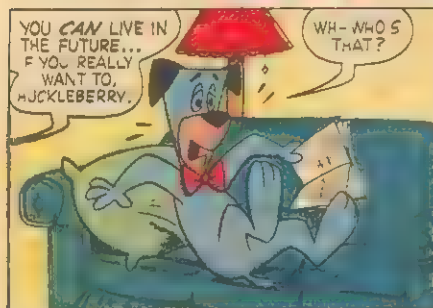
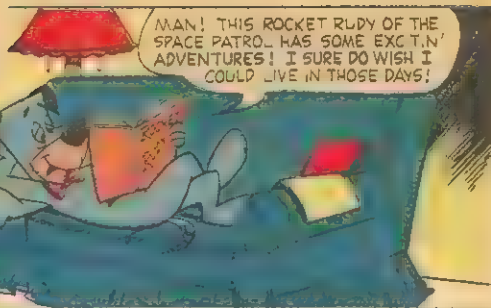
"Surprise, yourself!" "It's your party!" "Of course you can stay." "Where were you?" "Happy birthday!" his friends all shouted and laughed as they crowded around him.

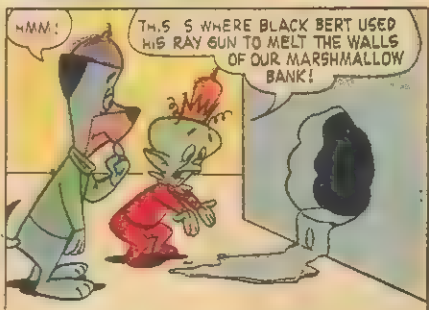
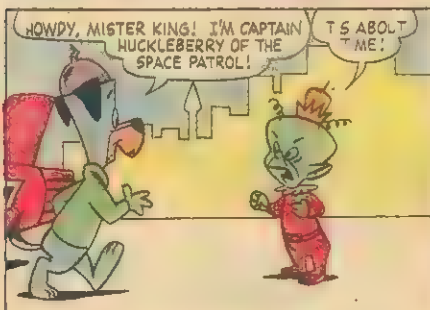
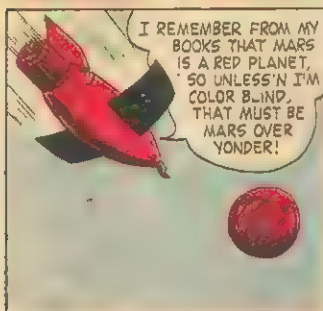
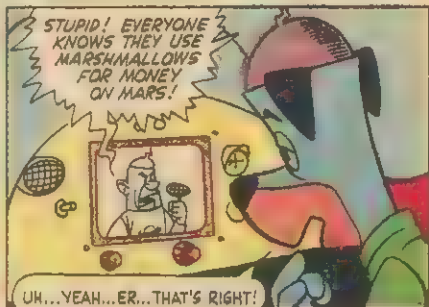
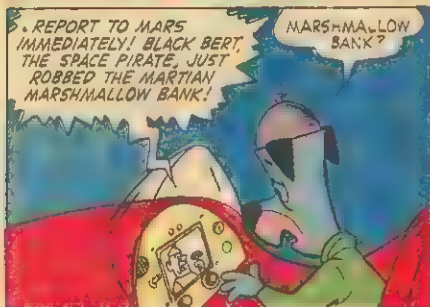
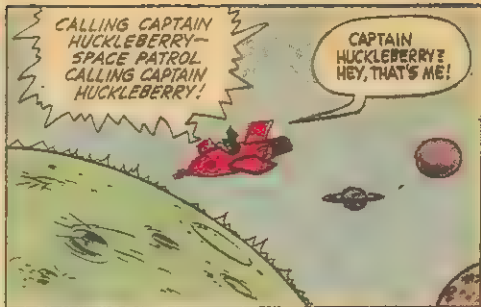
But his mama looked at him and shook her head. "Oh, Packy! You are so forgetful that you almost spoiled your own surprise party."

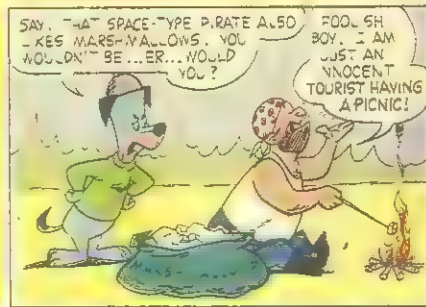
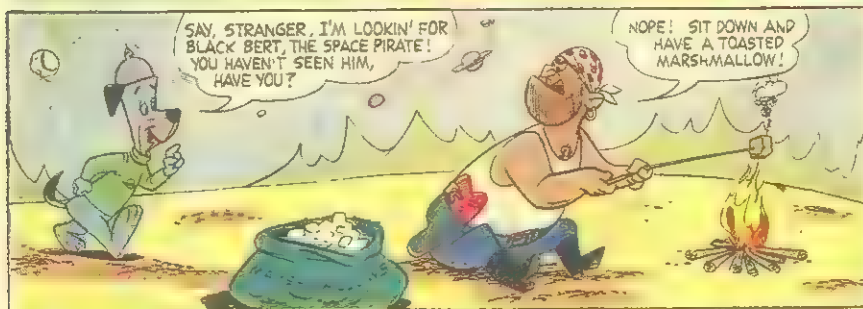
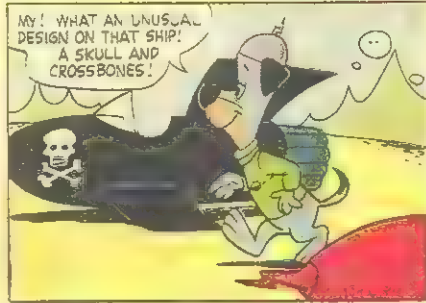
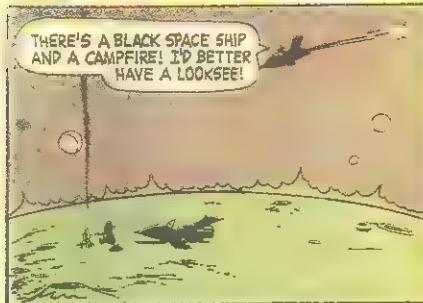
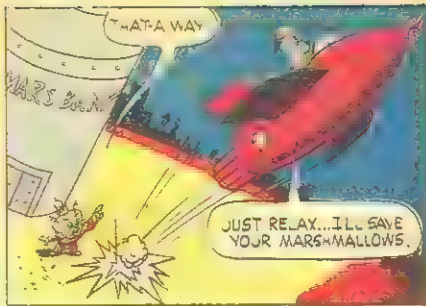
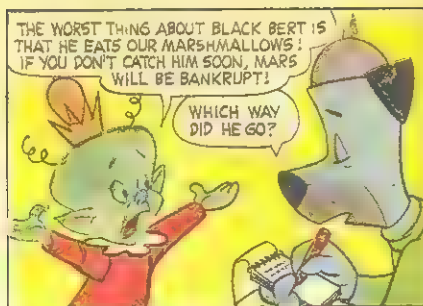
"PHEEE!" Packy trumpeted. "I wouldn't say that. This way we were all surprised. Even you, Mama!" he giggled.

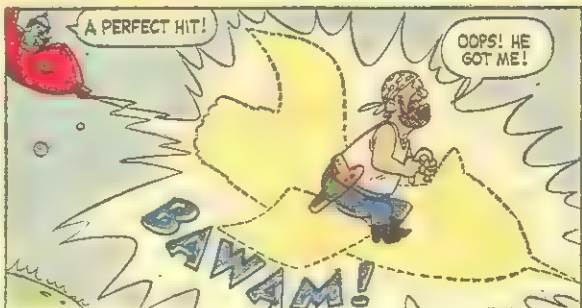
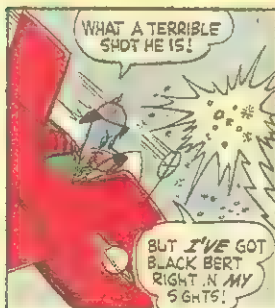
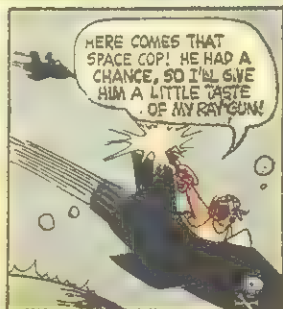
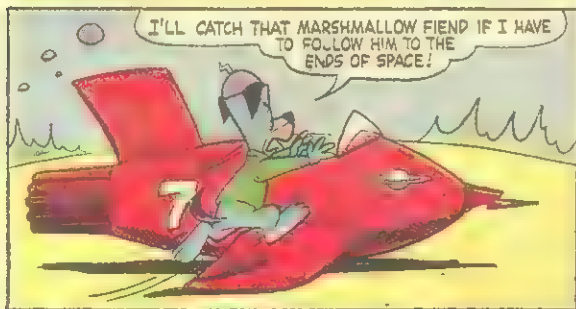
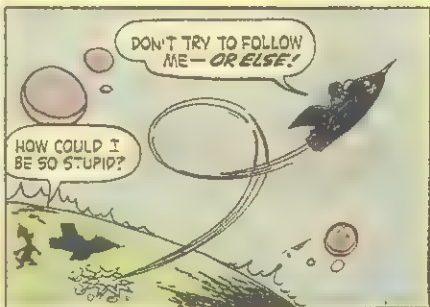
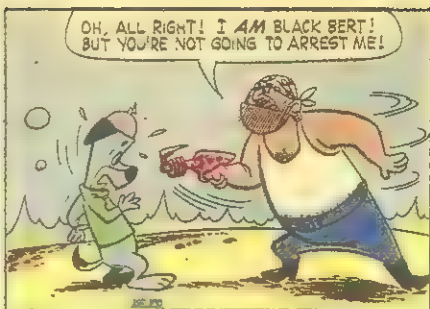
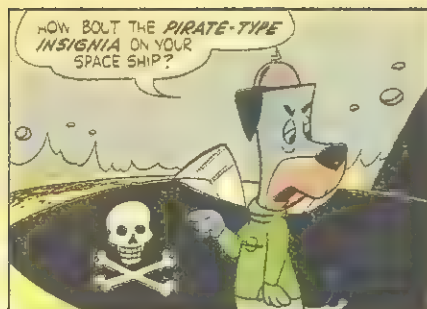
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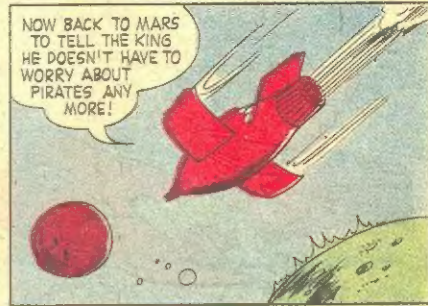
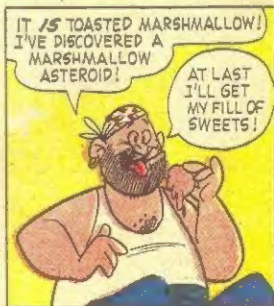
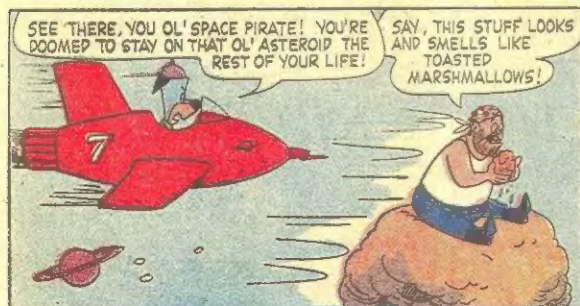
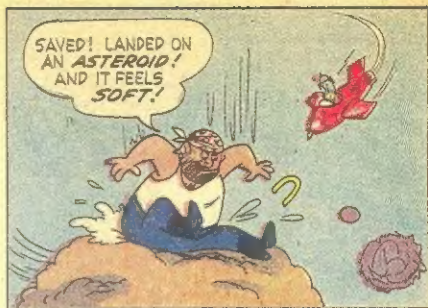
The SPACE PATROLLER

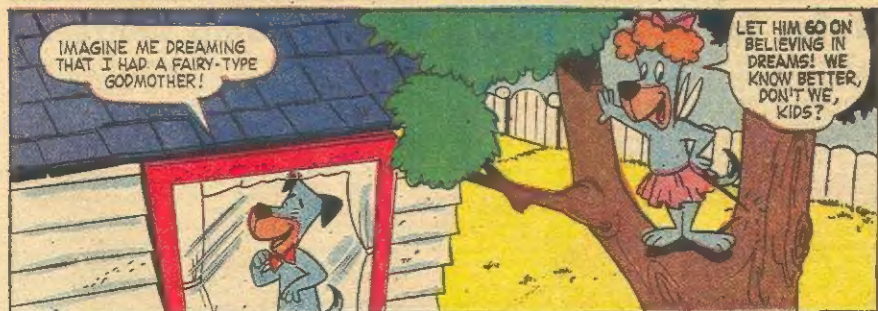
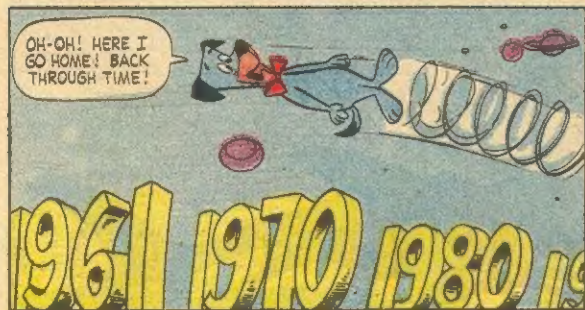


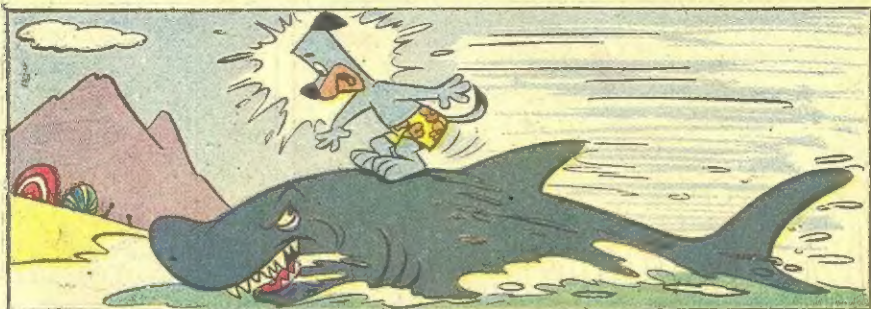
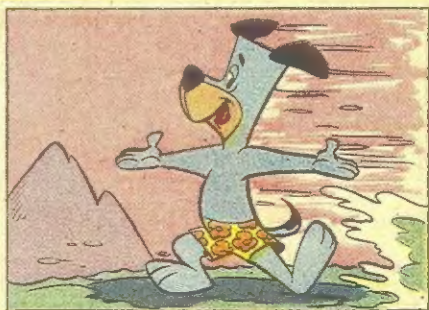
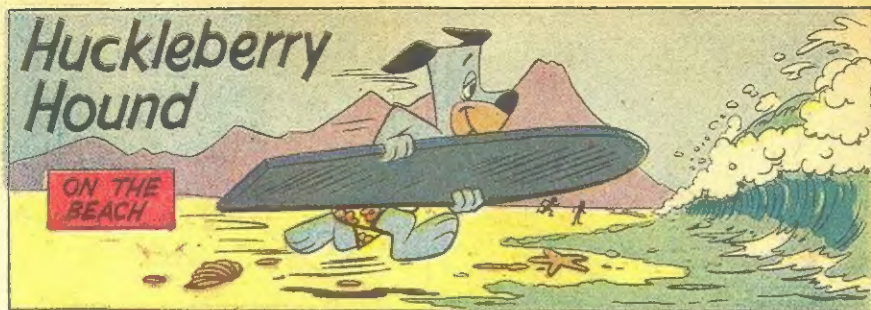




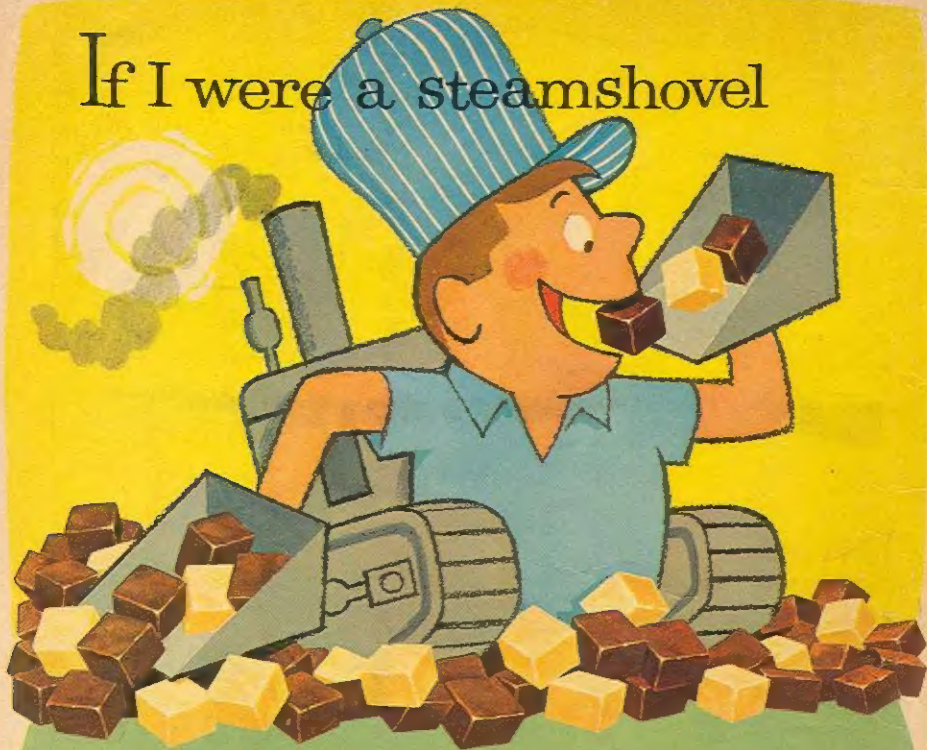








If I were a steamshovel



I'd use both hands to scoop up
Kraft Fudgies (both kinds-Chocolate and Vanilla.)

You'll dig 'em the most! They're
creamy smooth and just busting with energy.

In bars of six, or ask Mom to buy the
big bag—you get a lot of candy
for your money either way!

Kraft makes Fudgies
like Kraft makes everything - and that's good!



See Perry Como's "Kraft Music Hall," NBC-TV, Wednesday nights